MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

OCTOBER

NO. 36

10¢

DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY NOW!
CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS, 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!
DO IT NOW!
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
AMERICA ALWAYS!

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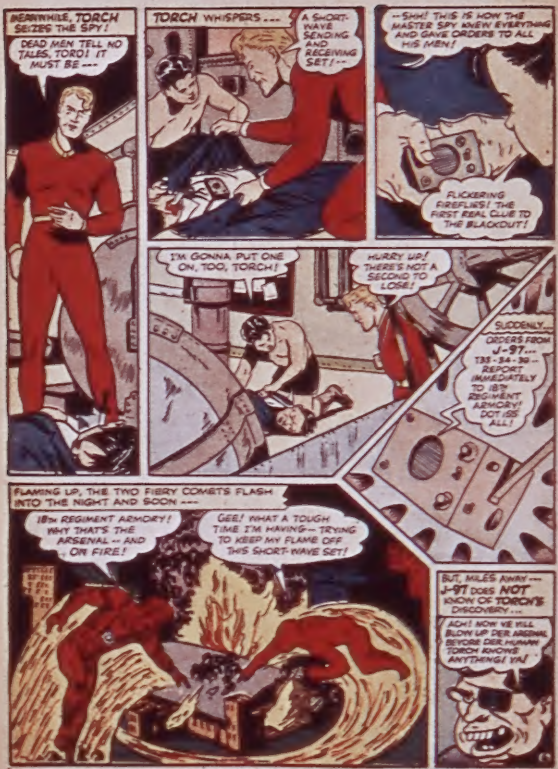
HUMAN TORCH

TORCH AND TORO ARE GUESTS OF THE FIRST INTERCEPTOR COMMAND...
WHEN ENEMY PLANES ARE SPOTTED, WORD IS FLASHED IMMEDIATELY!
THEN IT'S CHECKED AND THE SIRENS RING OUT!
AND THAT MEANS BLACKOUT, EH, TORCH?
WHAT...THE ----! SIRENS!
WE DIDN'T GET ANY WORD ABOUT APPROACHING ENEMY PLANES!
WHHEEEEEEE-EEE
...SUDDENLY SIRENS WAIL...
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT THOSE SIRENS!--I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT!
TORCH AND TORO FLAME UP!...
COME ON, TORO! I THINK THIS BLACKOUT'S A PHONY!
WOW!
THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!
...AS AIR RAID WARDENS DASH THROUGH THE STREETS...
BLACKOUT! LIGHTS OUT! EVERYBODY!
TAKE SHELTER! QUICK!
THE TWO LIGHTNING STREAKS DART IN AND OUT, PROHIBITING LIGHT FOR THE CITY...
HURRY UP, TORO! THE POWERS BEEN SHUT OFF!
FLAMING FIREFLIES! I FEEL LIKE A HUMAN ELECTRIC BULB!
BUT... HOLD ON, MAN, J-97 SNEERS!
DERE AMERICAN FOOLS, BEFORE I'M THROWN, I WILL DO MORE HARM DAN A BOMBING!! YA!

SOON TORCH AND TORO HEAD FOR THE CITY RESERVOIR...
SPIES WOULD CUT OFF THE WATER SUPPLY FIRST, TORO!
WE GOTTA STOP 'EM!
--MEANWHILE... PANDEMONIUM REIGNS EVERYWHERE! J-97'S GANG CAUSES EXPLOSIONS, FIRES, ACCIDENTS-- TAKING MERCILESS ADVANTAGE OF THE BLACKOUT!...
AT THE RESERVOIR...
VEN DOT FUSE GOES OFF, DERE'LL BE NO MORE WATER!
RUN! IT WILL EXPLODE!
TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE AND SUDDENLY FLASH DOWN!
I'M GONNA EXPLODE YOU!
I'LL PUT OUT THE FUSE, TORCH!
ACH DER LIEBER! DER TORCH! VOT IS'S?
YOU LUGS HAVE STUCK YOUR NECKS OUT ONCE TOO OFTEN!
BUT, MILES AWAY -- J-97 KNOWS! ...
SO -- DER HUMAN TORCH PREVENTED MY MEN FROM DOING DER KORK! ACH! BUT I'LL FIX HIM! "

TORCH AND TORO CUT OFF ALL ESCAPE!
I'LL WRAP YOU UP IN A BLANKET OF FIREBALLS, YOU NAZI SCUM!
LOOK, TORCH! THEY'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE!
BETTER VE DIE FIRST!
TORCH CAPTURES A SPY—TOO LATE!
TALK! WHERE'S YOUR LEADER!
I-I-I- NEFFER TELL --TELL--
THE POWER PLANT IS RIGHT NEAR HERE, TORO! I'M SURE THEY WON'T OVERLOOK THAT!
I'M RARIN' TO GO!
FLAMES ON, THEY RACE THROUGH THE AIR...
NOT A CLUE, SO FAR! GOSH!
MAYBE WE'LL PICK UP SOMETHING SOON, TORCH!
QVICK! VIT DER DYNAMOS OFF. DERE VILL BE NO ELEGTRICITY!
YA! J-97 VILL BE PROUD OF US!
ACH! DER HUMAN TORCH! YEDH!
HERE'S MY POWER HOUSE, YOU YELLOW BELLIES!
BUT... MILES AWAY, AWAY -- J-97 KNOWS
VOT! DER HUMAN TORCH AGAIN? I MUST CHANGE MY PLANS!
WATCH OUT! IT'S DOSE LIFE FIREBALLS!

OOOOO!
WAIT'LL THE DODGERS HEAR ABOUT US!
TORO, THIS WHOLE JOB HAS BEEN FIGURED OUT BY A MASTER SPY WITH HUNDREDS OF UNDERLINGS — BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DOES HE GIVE HIS ORDERS?
PUT IT OVER THE PLATE— TORO!
LOOK, TORCH! THEY'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE!
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN— THEY ALL SEEM TO GET ORDERS AT THE SAME TIME!
SUDDENLY FLAMING UP, TORCH STREAKS TOWARD THE LAST LIVING SPY ...
NO, YOU WON'T!
MAYBE NOW WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER!
MY GUN— MELTED!
THE SPY SWIFTLY WHIPS OUT A KNIFE ...
DON'T, YOU FOOL! WAIT!
HE'S DEAD!
GOOT! GOOT!
BUT ... MILES AWAY, J-97 KNOWS! ...
YA! AGAIN I OUTSMARTED DER HUMAN TORCH!


MEANWHILE, TORCH SEIZES THE SPY!
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES, TORCH! IT MUST BE ---
TORCH WHISPERS ---
A SHORT-WAVE SENDING AND RECEIVING SET!--
--SHH! THIS IS HOW THE MASTER SPY KNEW EVERYTHING AND GAVE ORDERS TO ALL HIS MEN!
FLICKERING FIREFLIES! THE FIRST REAL CLUE TO THE BLACKOUT!
I'M GONNA PUT ONE ON, TOO, TORCH!
HURRY UP! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
SUDDENLY --- ORDERS FROM J-97--- 138-34-39--- REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO 18TH REGIMENT ARMORY! DOT ISS ALL!
FLAMING UP, THE TWO FIERY COMETS FLASH INTO THE NIGHT AND SOON ---
18TH REGIMENT ARMORY! WHY THAT'S THE ARSENAL -- AND ON FIRE!
GEE! WHAT A TOUGH TIME I'M HAVING -- TRYING TO KEEP MY FLAME OFF THIS SHORT-WAVE SET!
BUT, MILES AWAY --- J-97 DOES NOT KNOW OF TORCH'S DISCOVERY ---
ACH! NOW VE VILL BLOW UP DER ARSENAL BEFORE DER HUMAN TORCH KNOWS ANYTHING! YA!

IN THE ARSENAL, TORCH AND TORO CRASH INTO J-97'S MEN...
FLAME OFF, TORO! --EXPLOSIVE!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
I'M PLENTY HOT WITHOUT IT, SEE!
J-97 HEARS --VIA THE SHORT WAVE!
VATT--DER HUMAN TORCH AGAIN--I MUST GIFF DER COMMAND!
QUICK! SUICIDE! DER TORCH MUST NOT QUESTION YOU! ALL MEN AT ARSENAL-- SUICIDE!
BUT, IN THE ARSENAL, TORCH ACTS WITH AMAZING SPEED AND SILENCE!...
NO SUICIDE THIS TIME!
I MUST OBEY!
MEN AT ARSENAL-- SUICIDE!
...AS TORO TRIES TO CONTROL THE FIRES...
BACK, FLAMES! BACK! GOSH! --I'VE GOTTA BE CAREFUL WITH THIS FLAME!
I GOT THE FIRE OUT, TORCH! IS THAT GUY A SUICIDE, TOO?
YES-- HE'S DEAD!
MILES AWAY, J-97 HEARS THIS!...
HA-HA! EVERYONE DEAD--EVERYONE A SUICIDE! DER HUMAN TORCH CAN FIND NO CLUES--YA!

QUICKLY STRIPPING THEMSELVES OF THE SHORT WAVE SETS, TORCH AND TORO HEAD FOR J-97'S HEADQUARTERS...
SO THAT SPY WASN'T REALLY DEAD!
NO! I JUST SAID HE WAS SO THAT J-97 WOULD HEAR IT AND THINK WE'RE OFF HIS TRAIL, TORO!
I FOUND OUT WHERE J-97 IS! -- THEN I LET THIS SPY COMMIT SUICIDE -- WE'RE GONNA GIVE MISTER BIG SHOT A BIG SURPRISE! C'MON, TORO!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF J-97, MASTER SPY... ... AN OLD, UNUSED RAILROAD STATION...
DIS MAP OF NEW YORK CITY UND REPORTS VROM DER MEN SHOW DOT DER HUMAN TORCH HASS INTERFERED TOO MUCH...
YA, J-97! VE HEV ALREADY HED TO KILL TWELVE OF OUR BEST MEN -- MIT SUICIDE!
VENSDEM EHR BLACKOUT IS OFER, VE MUST BLOW UP DER EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!
GEFF DER ORDER TO X-76 Y-42 UND O2!
THE SPY RUSHES OVER TO THE SHORT WAVE...
ALL READY!
HELLO! DIS ISS J-97...
DER TORCH HASS LIGHTED UP DER MAIN STREETS UND POWER HASS BEEN RESTORED!
...SUDDENLY TORCH AND TORO SPEED THROUGH THE OPEN GLASS DOOR!
HELLO! -- THIS IS THE HUMAN TORCH!
-- AND TORO! GET READY TO SAY GOODBYE!

DER HUMAN TORCH!
-OW COULD HE KNOW WHERE WE ISS! ?
A LITTLE BIRDIE TOLD US WHERE YOU WERE!
A LITTLE BIRDIE'S GONNA KEEP YOU HERE!
AAA-AAA!
MEANWHILE TORO WHIPS OUT A FIRE-BALL!
-WILL KEEP YOUR EARS WARM!
YEOW!
--AND, AS SOME OF THE NAZIS RUN --
HERE'S SOME SIZZLING ELECTRICITY! -- FREE OF CHARGE! -- SOME JOKE!
TORCH JOINS TORO...
I'M WRAPPING 'EM UP IN A BARREL OF FIRE, TORCH.
OKAY, HOT STUFF! WATCH ME PUT THE LID ON!
BUT -- UNSEEN, J-97 REACHES FOR A FIRE-HOSE ---
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT STOPS FIRE -- WATER!
FIRE ALARM

I'LL PUT DOSE FALSE FLAMES OUDT IN A SECONDT!
SIZZLING SOUP! MY FLAMES OUT!
MINE TOO!
DER FIRE ISS GOING OUDT!
HAHA! DEY TOUGHT DEY VASS SMARTER DEN J-97!
TORCH THINKS QUICKLY!
WATER PUTS OUT FIRE— BUT FIRE HEATS UP WATER, TORCH!
I GET YA, TORCH!
FIRST WE GET AWAY FROM THIS IMITATION RIVER!
KOLENDRADI
WEAVING IN AND OUT WITH SUCH AMAZING SPEED THAT THE NOSE CANNOT FOLLOW THEM, THE SONS-OF-FIRE TURN THE WATER IN THE GLASS ENCLOSED ROOM INTO HOT STEAM!
THIS SAVES THE PRICE OF A TURKISH BATH, TORCH!
BOY! - ARE THOSE NAZIS STEAMED UP!
NOW WE FLAME UP!
HERE'S WHERE THE FIRE SHOW STARTS!
HOT ISS!

...BUT, AS THE NAZIS RUSH TO THE DOOR...
AHH!! I AM CUT!
DER STEAM HASS CRACKED DER GLASS!
TORCH TURNS HIS FLAME OFF AND CRASHES INTO THE MASTER SPY!
OOF!
ALL RIGHT, HITLER'S LITTLE MURDERER!
HA! GONNA DOT YOUR EYES!
TORO TAKES CARE OF THE OTHERS!
HERE ARE THE HOOPS I WAS GOING TO PUT AROUND THE FIRE-BARREL!
ACH! DERE IS A RING OF FIRE AROUND ME!
I KENT MOVE!
FLAMING OFF, HE APPROACHES J-97'S MEN ...
FUNNY THING ABOUT YOU NAZIS -- YOU'RE ALWAYS BETWEEN FIRE AND WATER!
MEANWHILE -- TORCH HAS MADE J-97 SET UP THE REMOTE CONTROL APPARATUS! ...
CHIRPING CHIMNEYS! HE EVEN CONTROLLED THE PHONY SIRENS BY SHORT WAVE!
NOW I'M GONNA MAKE THE BIGGEST SINGLE ROUND-UP OF SPIES, THE COUNTRY OVER!

TORCH DISGUISES HIS VOICE...
ATTENTION! DIS ISS U-97—U-97... SHTOP! RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY! DOT ISS ALL!
"TORCH TEA LEAVES. IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE U-97!"
...AND IN EVERY PART OF THE CITY, THE SPY GANG HEARS THE COMMAND...
VE MUST GO BACK VE DON'T NEEDE DER MACHINERY!
DER CHIEF VANTS US—
SOMETHING'S IMPORTANT! YA!
DIS ISS U-97 SHTOP! RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY!
...THE NAZIS SOON RETURN—AND THEY WALK RIGHT INTO THE GUNS OF THE F.B.I. AND THE POLICE WHOM TORCH HAD SUMMONED...
HOT LEADS TOO GOOD FOR YOU SPIES!
I'LL SHOOT YOU!
MY FINGERS ARE ITCHING TO PULL THE TRIGGER!
U-97 HAD THESE TWO-WAY SETS ON EVERY MAN!
YOU DID A FINE PIECE OF WORK, TORCH
THE F.B.I. DIRECTOR OF THE DISTRICT IS FULL OF PRAISE!...
I'LL RECOMMEND THAT CONGRESS GIVE YOU A MEDAL!
THE TORCH SMILES—BUT.....
...DON'T FORGET, TORCH...
BAH!—DON'T MAKE ME BLUSH!
WE JUST AWARD MEDALS TO HUMAN TORCH OR HIS LITTLE PAL TORO WE DON'T NEED TO—THEY'RE SO "HOT"!
IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS

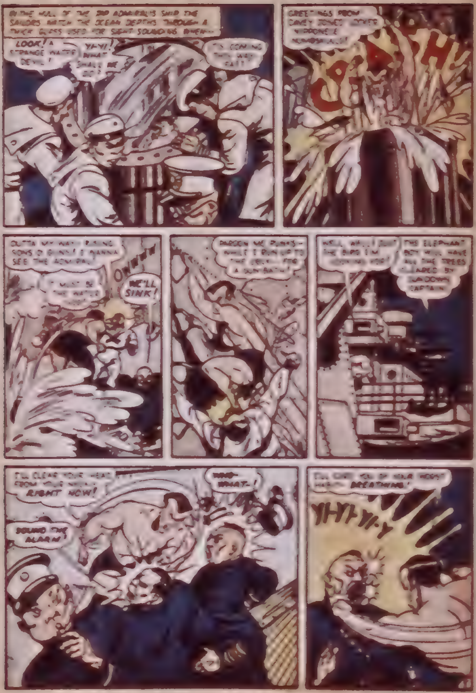
LIKE A COMET!
GLOWING ACROSS AMERICA COMES THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST AND MOST POPULAR LAFF MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED!
64 PAGES OF LAFFS!
TAKE IT FROM ME, KIDS, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! THIS NEW #1 ISSUE IS TERRIFIC!
KRAZY KOMICS
REWARD!
TOMMY TOMCAT
BURGLAR CATCHER

SUB-MARINER
INDIA
FANGS WITH TUSKS!
INDIA ... THE LAND OF MYSTERY ...
INVADED BY THE JAPS!
-- UNTIL SUB-MARINER TURNS THE TIDE WITH A WAVE OF FISTS THAT SINKS THE RISING SUN!

WHILE SUB-MARINER SWIMS IN THE ARABIAN SEA NEAR THE COAST HE HEARS—
WHISTLING WHALES! WHAT'S THAT!
SPLASH
AS HE TURNS AROUND
YOW!
NOYA! NOYA!
I'M GONNA SWIM UNDER WATER TO THE PLACE WHERE THOSE "NOYAS" ARE COMING FROM!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IN A MINUTE— MAYBE SOME WISE GUY'S TRYING TO CROWN ME!
SIZZLING SARDINES! LOOK AT THAT!
HE SEES A STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED SIGHT!
NOYA! NOYA!
NOW WHY IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER IS A CLEARING NEEDED HERE?

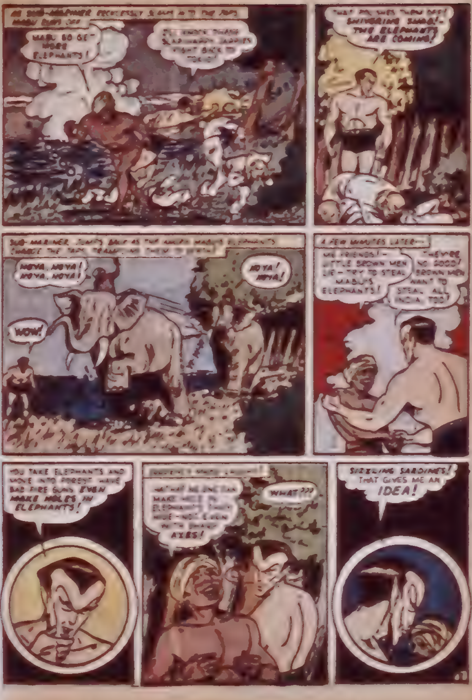
HE WALKS OVER TO THE YOUNG INDIAN LEADER
HUH!
SUDDENLY THE ELEPHANT BOY SHOUTS A COMMAND
NOYA! NOYA!
SUB-MARINER IS SWEPT OFF HIS FEET!
HEY! DO I LOOK LIKE A TREE?
NOYA! NOYA!
MASU!
GALLOPING GUPPIES!
A FEW MINUTES LATER SUB-MARINER CREEPS BACK—
NOYA!
NOW YOU'RE GOING INTO THE WATER!
YAAA!
LITTLE BROWN MEN?

MABU SHOWS SUB-MARINER THE "PRESENTS"
GLAMOROUS GOLDFISH! JAPANESE COINS AND TRINKETS!
SEE?
LITTLE BROWN MEN COME BACK WHEN SUN GO DOWN — MUCH MEN FUNNY ELEPHANTS WITH BIG WHEELS!
"FUNNY ELEPHANTS WITH BIG WHEELS" — HE MEANS THE JAPS HAVE TANKS! CROONING CRAWFISH! I'VE GOTTA LOOK INTO THIS!
HE SWIFTLY CLEAVES THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ARABIAN SEA—
THOSE BROWN MONKEYS WANT THE TREES DUG UP TO MAKE ROOM FOR A LANDING PARTY— OR I'M A SON OF A SEA COOK!
—AND AT LAST FINDS WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR!
AH! A JAP TRANSPORT FLEET WITH PROTECTING WARSHIPS! JUST MY MEAT!
MOVING BACK AND FORTH WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED SUB-MARINER RAPIDLY RIPS OFF THE PROPELLERS OF ONE JAPANESE SHIP AFTER ANOTHER!
WE MUST KILL SEA DEVIL!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR MY COLLECTION!
SO FAR HE HAS STOPPED ELEVEN OF OUR SHIPS!


LOOK! A STRANGE WATER DEVIL!
YI-YI! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
IT'S COMING THIS WAY FAST!
GREETINGS FROM
WE'LL SINK!
PARDON ME PUNKS
A SUN BATH!
THE ELEPHANT BOY WILL HAVE ALL THE TREES
CAPTAIN
RIGHT NOW!
WHAT-WHAT-!
SOUND THE ALARM!
BREATHING!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!
I HAVE SUCCEEDED ADMIRAL!
CRACK!
ADMIRAL! ADMIRAL!
THE SHIP'S SINKING!
WATER!
CHUCKLING CLAMS!
WHACKY WHITEFISH!
YOU DIRTY, YELLOW-BELLIED WATER-MOCCASINS!
6

I GOTTA GET BACK TO LAND BEFORE THOSE JAPS STEAL MABU'S ELEPHANTS
AH-AT LAST!
BUT IN THE MEANTIME --
WE COME WITH GIFTS FOR MABU THE ELEPHANT BOY
SEIZE HIM MEN!
WHA-!
WE GET THE ELEPHANTS AND THE INDIAN BOYS!
MABU ANGRILY BREAKS AWAY--
YOU COME STEAL MY ELEPHANTS!
WHY YOU INDIAN BRAT! I'LL KILL YOU!
HE SAVED MY LIFE!
HERE'S A GIFT FOR YOU—AND NOT MADE IN JAPAN EITHER!


SHIVERING SHAD!– THE ELEPHANTS ARE COMING!
A FEW MINUTES LATER—
THEY'RE NO GOOD! BROWN MEN WANT TO STEAL ALL INDIA, TOO!
WOW!
SIZZLING SARDINES! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
WHAT???

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, NAMOR CORRALS HIS HERD AND ORDERS THEM INTO THE FOREST
GOYA, MOYA!
GOYA, MOYA! GOYA, MOYA!
BARKING DOGFISH!
IN THE NAME OF HIROHITO I TAKE THIS LAND!
HAIL TO THE EMPORER!
SALUTE THE FLAG OF THE RISING SUN!
YOUW!
YOUW!

AS HE RACES TO THE SHORE...
...A LOOKOUT SPOTS HIM!
LOOK!
SPY!
FRYING FISH BONES! THEY SAW ME!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
AND USING ONE AS A CATCH-ALL--- PUSHES THEM OUT TO SEA!
MAN THE TANKS! MAN THE GUNS!

BUT—SUB-MARINER HAS SWUM
SOON...
NOYA! NOYA!
NOYA! COME BROTHERS! WE GO FIGHT LITTLE BROWN
NOYA!
NOYA! COME!
NOYA! NOYA!
THEY'RE ATTACKING US!
FIRE!
THERE'S THE SPY!
CHARGE 'EM BOYS!
NOYA! WE KILL 'EM GOOD!
WHEE!
YI-YI-YI!
-OOOOO

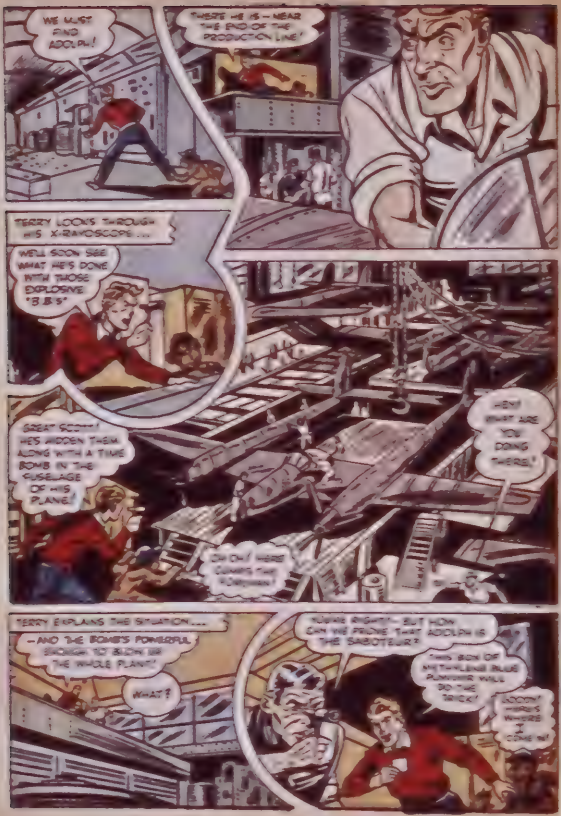
THE BEGINNING NOISE OF BATTLE ATTRACTS THE ADMIRALS SEEKING IN COMMAND!
ELEPHANTS! OUR LANDING FORCE IS BEING WIPED OUT!
WE CANNOT HELP THEM. WE HAVE NO LANDING BOATS ABOARD!
WHAT??
ORDER ALL SHIPS TO GET UP STEAM! WE MUST ESCAPE BEFORE ANY UNITED NATIONS SHIPS HEAR THE NOISE, TOO!
SORRY, SIR! WE CAN'T MOVE! THE JAP DEVILS ALL OUR PROPELLERS!
GROWL
ONLY AN HOUR LATER... A SPEEDING FIGHTER CLIMBS ABOARD A BRITISH BATTLESHIP!—AND EXPLAINS ALL!
EAR LISTENING DEVICES PICKED UP THE SOUND OF A BATTLE.
SO THE JAP FLEET'S NEAR HERE!
BUNNY! ONLY THE JAPS HAVE NO PROPELLERS— SO YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!
GIVE MY REGARDS TO MABU AND THE ELEPHANTS WHEN YOU GET THERE!—THE JAPS WILL NEVER TAKE INDIA WHILE THERE ARE DEVILS LIKE HIM! S'LONG!!!
GLIMEY! WHAT MARVELOUS ALLIES THESE AMERICANS ARE!
MARVELOUS!
—THAT'S THE WORD!
A GOOD DESCRIPTION FOR
MARVEL COMICS GREAT
SUB-MARINER
IN EVERY BIG ISSUE!

Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth
CASE HISTORY # 526,710
in "BOOM Doggling"
—BUT TERRY WE CAN'T USE AN EXPLOSIVE MADE WITH POTASSIUM CHLORATE — IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
NOT WHEN IT'S COMBINED WITH THIS MOLASSES MIXTURE!
BAH! THE KID'S CRAZY!
YUM! YUM!
MOLASSES
CRAZY, EH? JUST COME OUTSIDE, ADOLPH, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THIS PELLET CAN DO!
NOT ME! I'LL WAIT IN HERE!
INTO TERRY'S "LAB" COME FELLOW TOWNSMEN PLEADING FOR A NEW, POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE TO CLEAR A PATH FOR THREATENING FLOOD WATERS!
BY BOB OKSNER

TERRY INSERTS THE TINY PELLET INTO HIS SLING SHOT....
HOW CAN YOU DESTROY IT IF YOUR EXPLOSIVE IS SMALLER THAN A "B B"!
WATCH THAT OLD SHACK!
YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE, GENTLEMEN!--AND DON'T FORGET TO DUCK!
KOOM!
THE SHACK IS SHATTERED!
I HOPE YOU CAN CONVINCE ADOLPH--HE'S WAITING FOR US IN MY LAB!
REMARKABLE!
YOU WIN, TERRY!
WE CAN USE THOSE PELLETS TO DIVERT THE RAIN-SWOLLEN RIVERS!
BUT, AS THEY RETURN!...
THE PLACE HAS BEEN RANSACKED!
GREAT SCOTT!
MCHK--CHCK!

DAD, SNOW!
MY EXPLOSIVES ARE MISSING!
—AND SO IS ADOLPH!
WHERE DID HE GO?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT HE HOPES FOR THE GILL AIRPLANE COMPANY!
AN AIRPLANE COMPANY, BUT THIS LOOKS SERIOUS!
TERRY MAKES A HURRIED CALL...
—TO HIS NEWSPAPER PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON...
—THEN I CAN DEPEND ON YOU?
YOU BET!
NOW, TO FREE YOU!
THANKS, TERRY!
—TO PREVENT THE GILL AIRPLANE PLANT FROM BEING BLOWN TO BITS!
TERRY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHILE TERRY IS ON HIS WAY TO THE PLANE FACTORY...
SA-AY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE 'B.B.'s' ADOLPH?
OH-THEY'RE JUST FOR MY KID'S AIR-RIFLE
I GUESS THEY'RE HARMLESS ENOUGH-- YOU CAN ENTER!
OKAY!
THANKS SUCKER!
A MOMENT LATER...
STOP THAT MAN! HE'S CARRYING HIGH EXPLOSIVES!
NONSENSE! I SEARCHED HIM BEFORE HE WENT IN! NOW BEAT IT!
BUT THE WHOLE FACTORY IS IN DANGER!
SCRAM! WE DON'T WANT STRANGERS SNOOPIN' AROUND!
WELL, DR WATSON, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU AND I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN!
CHK- CHK!
LOOK! AN UNGUARDED GATE!
JUST WATCH ME HOP OVER THE FENCE AND UNLOCK IT!
JUST A SEC TERRY!
WELCOME!
GOOD WORK, DR. WATSON! LET'S HURRY BEFORE WE ARE SEEN!


WE MUST FIND ADOLPH!
THERE HE IS — NEAR THE END OF THE PRODUCTION LINE!
TERRY LOOKS THROUGH HIS X-RAYOSCOPE....
WELL SOON SEE WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THOSE EXPLOSIVE "B.B.'S"
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S HIDDEN THEM ALONG WITH A TIME BOMB IN THE FUSELAGE OF HIS PLANE!
OH DON'T WORRY, I'M COMING!
TERRY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION....
—AND THE BOMB'S POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE PLANT!
WHAT?
YOU'RE RIGHT— BUT HOW CAN WE PROVE THAT THE SABOTEUR?
HMM! BOY OF MYTHOLOGIE BLUE PUMPKIN WILL DO THE TRICK!
ADOLPH! WHERE'S HE COME AT!

TAKE THIS POWDER DR. WATSON — AND —
OKAY I'M ON MY WAY!
DR. WATSON SCAMPERS DOWN THE PRODUCTION LINE —
THE BOMB IS HIDDEN NEAR THE TAIL OF THIS PLANE! — THERE IT IS!
FIRST — I SPRINKLE THIS BLUE POWDER ALL OVER IT!
WHAT THE — ?
SCAT! THAT MONK BELONGS TO TERRY VANCE! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
MISSED!
SURE ENOUGH — THE BOMB'S COVERED WITH DUST!
I HOPE THE MONK — HEY! PUT THAT OIL CAN DOWN!
OWW!

AT LAST, I'M SAFE FROM THAT CRAZY MONK!
SLAM
ZAWW
I'VE GOT TO WASH THIS OIL OFF BEFORE THE FOREMAN GET'S SUSPICIOUS
WILL WE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE GET'S INSIDE THAT ROOM!
BANG BOOM
BUT AS ADOLPH WASHES HIMSELF
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
UH HANDS THEY'RE BURNING BLUE
"TERRY LEAPS!..."
LET ME OUT OF HERE! I WANT A DOCTOR!
NOW, AT'S YOU CONFESS THAT YOU STOLE MY EXPLOSIVES TO BLOW UP THIS FACTORY!
HOLD HIM, TERRY!
I'LL TALK!" - I'VE BEEN PAID TO SABOTAGE YOUR AIRPLANES — THAT BOMB WAS TO EXPLODE TONIGHT! NOW TO GET ME A DOCTOR!
YOU DON'T NEED A DOCTOR!
BUT... MY BURNED HANDS!
THERE'S JUST THE RESIDUE OF THE NITROGLENE POWDER DR WATSON PLACED ON THE BOMB, PLUS THE WATER YOU JUST USED!
WHEN YOU TOUCHED THAT BOMB YOU CONVICTED YOURSELF!
JUST THEN....
GEE! AM I LATE?
DEADLINE
A LITTLE, BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR A GOOD NEWS STORY!
I SEE!... TERRY VANCE DOES IT AGAIN!
"TERRY DID IT AGAIN" IS RIGHT! WE'LL BE BACK NEXT MONTH TO RUN UNCLE SAM'S ENEMIES DOWN AGAIN! DON'T MISS IT!

WOE IS ME!

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

JOUNCING ALONG like a bean on a balloon, the jeep took the bumps, dirt road in stride. Sitting next to the driver, hanging on to the seat with one hand and his base horn with the other, Jimmy Hoople breathed big gasps of air between bumps. "Hey, for Pete's sake, will you take it easy?"

"Whassa matter?" the driver hollered back. "Can't ya take it?"

"Yeah, I can, but Lulu here can't. She's getting knocked futts bumps and I gotta play at the General's concert tonight! Slow down!"

"Bah!" said the driver, and just to show how what a corporal thought of a tramp that played in the band, pushed down a little harder on the gas. Prior Lulu, her brass sides looked like they were through combat manoeuvers. Every three seconds there would be a loud "bong" as she hit the dashboard to an accompanying groan by Private Hoople.

At eight P.M. that night the General himself was visiting the camp, and in his honor the band was putting on a gala concert. But the members of the brass section were the last ones notified. They were out digging holes for communication lines all day and had to be rounded up like steers. Jimmy Hoople thought he'd be glad to have a rest from his shovel, but now he wasn't so sure. And to make matters worse he had dragged Lulu along to toot a few notes between holes and now look at her. The horn was a sorry looking thing, covered with dust and dents. It was bad enough when the fellows kibbed him about it looking like a sound detecting device . . . but now it resembled a battered garbage pail!

Darkness was beginning to close in rapidly, and the sky darkened with nasty black clouds. Horse Williams, the driver, gave them an anxious glance and sent the jeep shooting ahead. What a time to get caught in a thunderstorm! Jimmy said nothing and held on. The General expected a concert and he'd get one!

FIFTEEN MILES to go! The jeep skidded around a turn, then lunged ahead. They approached an intersection that cut into the road they were on and Jimmy pointed a shaking finger toward it. "Car cutting in." Horse nodded and stepped on it a bit. The driver of the other car tried to do the same thing, and what happened would make a junk yard owner shout for joy. Both hit the same spot at the same time with the noise of ten tanks hitting a stone wall!

Jimmy and Horse saw it coming, and gave one mighty leap that carried them into the dirt. Jimmy clutching Lulu for all she was worth! The jeep and the other car hit with a crash and both cars tumbled over into the dust. With his head sticking through the base horn, Jimmy and Horse took one look at the staff flags on the other car's fenders and almost passed out.

A very bettered, mustached gentleman crawled out, his hat over one eye. The seat of his pants flew like a flag on a pole, while his tunic hung in shreds. But still intact on his shoulders were the four gold stars. "Oh, my gorsh!" Horse wailed. "The General! We've wrecked 'im!"

"YOU!" bellowed the General. "I'll skin you alive for this! Where do you think you were going! I'll have your heads nailed to a pole! You'll do KP for a month of Sundays! I'll . . . I'll . . . Pooah!" He blew dirt and grass out of his mustache and tried to cover his exposed dignity with his hat. Man . . . was he mad!

Then it started to rain. For five weeks the sun had shone, and the moon was bright, now it had to rain. If ever two soldiers got themselves in a mess, this was it. "Get up, you runays! Get me a canvas, I'm getting wet!" Horse and Jimmy jumped up and ran to the wrecked touring car out of which was crawling a very mean looking Sergeant with an evil glint in his eye. Jimmy dropped Lulu and he and Horse grabbed the top of the car and pulled. It would have been all right if they had unhooked the canvas top first, but no . . . it peeled off like a banana skin.

The General said some of the things the top Sergeant dore when the boys forgot which was their left flank and marched the wrong way. He picked up an axle and advanced on them threateningly. "Get me out of this . . . OR I'LL WRING YOUR NECKS!"

By now the Sergeant was on his feet ready to sock somebody. The rain poured down harder

that ever, making slop out of the dirt road, and huge puddles of the fields. To one side of the road the little half-dried up stream that barely trickled along a half hour ago was roaring past, taking out big chunks of the bank. Now it was overflowing onto the road.

"G-General," says Horse, "we'd better get outa here. The river's coming up and we gotta cross it further on."

"Really!" mutters the General. Then he screams out, "Naturally we have to. Fifteen miles to the camp where I'm supposed to listen to a concert. No cars, running cats and dogs, the river's coming up . . . oh, you bestie-brained!" He wrapped the bunks of canvas about his exposed parts and the four started down the road. Jimmy clutched Lulu, petting her like a kitten, giving Horse dirty looks for all this trouble.

He hadn't taken more than a few steps when he got the bright idea of popping up the morale with a few toots of the horn. He put Lulu to his lips and blew . . . and a miniature Niagara spouted out of the bell and splashed down the General's neck. Wow! The General grabbed Jimmy by the neck with one hand, then rammed Lulu over Jimmy's head. "Why you . . . I'll have anything that you can do right! Not bad enough to have it rain . . . now you pour water down my neck! Just wait until we get to camp!"

"Can I shoot 'em, huh." The Sergeant said quickly. "Please?"

"Well, as I was observing that pleasure for myself" Horse and Jimmy started to shake like leaves in a hurricane. After Jimmy Hoopie wrenched the horn off his head he got a little sore. After all, they couldn't help it because their car ran into the General's. And they didn't bring on the rain. Poory on the General, let him be sore. They came to the banks of the river where it zoomed the road, took one look and gasped.

A raging torrent crossed their path, carrying with it trees and chicken coops from which hens cackled gaily. Those hens must have been half duck. The General tapped the Sergeant. "Maybe you can think up a way out of this . . . you used to be with the engineers." But the Sergeant just shook his head. Hoopie had the brilliant flash of an idea then.

"General, this river goes right past the camp. Why don't we float down? We could snare a couple of hen coops or something and make a raft." Horse sneered, the Sergeant sneered, but the General looked grim.

"I don't care what we do. I just don't want to stay here all night. Do something, do ANYTHING!" So the three got busy dragging out a lot of bunks of wood and tying them into a semblance of a raft. Chickens fluttered all over the place, squawking at being thrown from their perches. Finally they had a crude gadget assembled, and they got on. Jimmy held Lulu carefully, overlooking the nasty glances of the others. That horn could get a guy into more trouble . . .

BAM! The raft hit the bank. SLOSH! Water splashed all over everybody. WHAM! It hit a chicken coop and the fowls flew all over the place. One landed in the General's lap and pecked at his nose. "Ow! Get those things out of here!" The men leaped to obey, but only succeeded in getting pecked themselves, so they had to share their raft with a pack of supper bait.

"There's the camp!" Jimmy pointed Lulu toward the light ahead. The place rushed toward them. At the speed they were going, they'd never stop anywhere near it. Horse was worried. "Whatta we gonna do?"

"I got it!" Jimmy answered. Lulu came up to his mouth again . . . only this time the General ducked back. Jimmy gave out. A deep "BOOMPH BAHAA" vanished out of Lulu's throat. Again and again he tooted the horn until he thought that his lungs would come out, too.

"This is terrible," wailed the General. "they can't hear us!" Jimmy tooted some more. Suddenly out of nowhere an alert sentry appeared on the banks.

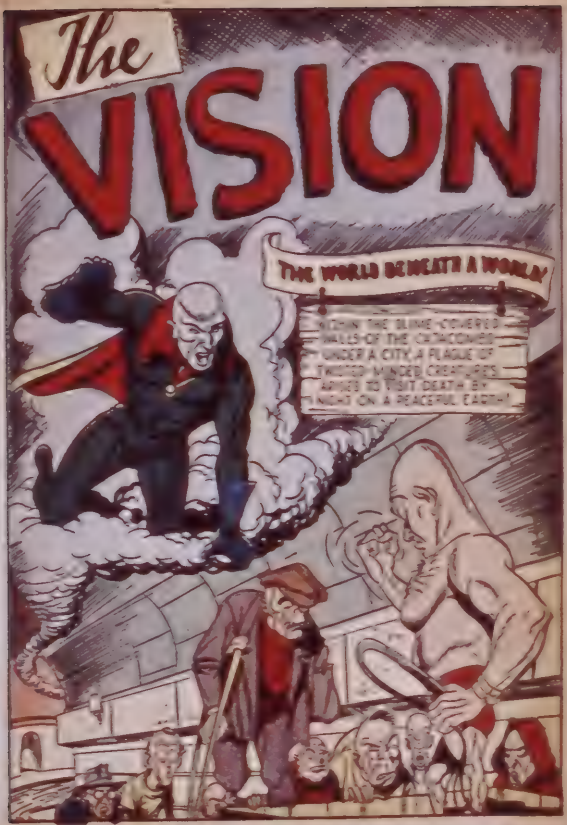
"Halt! Who goes there? Stop, or I'll shoot!"

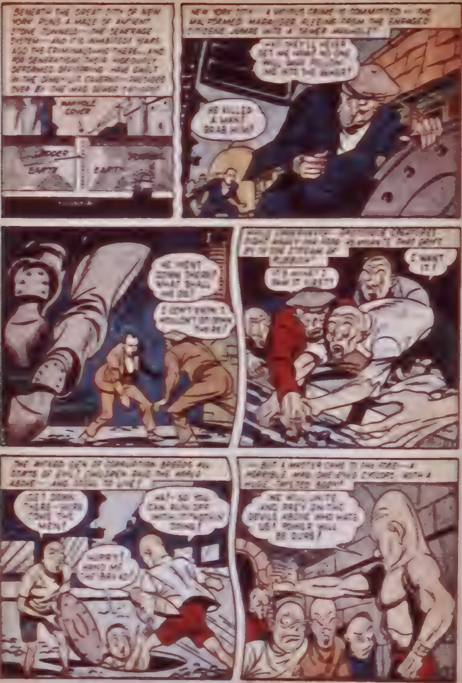
"What do you mean, stop? We can't stop!" Yelled back the General. "Get me off here or I'll have your neck!" But the sentry must have thought the Japs had landed. BANG! BANG! BANG! Bullets stopped off the water. "You did this to me!" shouted the General, from flat on his stomach. The men groaned. Suddenly the raft went CRRASH! Splinters flew . . . inside the General. Chickens filled the air. The sentry ran down and put them all under guard. Fortunately the General still had the tears on his shoulders, and when the sentry saw that after shooting at him . . .

MEN CAME UP. All Horse and Jimmy could do was splutter. The General was hustled off to change his clothes, while the rest went ahead to the recreation hall. Jimmy held tightly to Lulu and ran inside out of the rain. Soon the men and officers gathered and a refreshed General took his seat in the front row, glaring at the soggy Jimmy Hoopie on the platform. Jimmy was thinking fast. Perhaps, if he put on a good show, the General wouldn't be so mad any more.

Jimmy stepped forward to the edge of the platform for his solo. So far things were going fine . . . the General was snarling. The music started . . . this was his first number . . . he'd better be good. Lulu's mouthpiece went to his lips. He blew. He blew harder. Nothing came out. Then he blew as hard as he could . . . and an egg plopped out . . . flew through the air . . . and landed square on the General's head . . . ! Oh, woe!

THE END


The
VISION
THE WORLD BENEATH A WORLD!
WITHIN THE SLIME-COVERED WALLS OF THE CATACOMBS UNDER A CITY, A PLAGUE OF TWISTED, WINGED CREATURES ARMED TO SPREAD DEATH BY NIGHT ON A PEACEFUL EARTH!

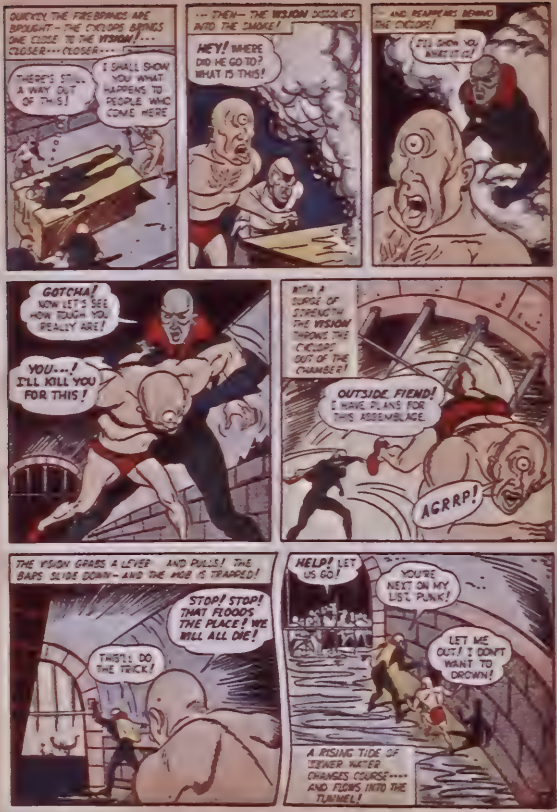


MANHOLE COVER
EARTH
EARTH
HE KILLED A MAN! GRAB HIM!
HE WENT DOWN THERE! WHAT SHALL WE DO?
I WANT IT!
WE WILL UNITE AND PREY ON THE DEVILS ABOVE WHO HATE US! POWER WILL BE OURS!

AT LAST!—REVENGE FOR THE YEARS WE HAVE SUFFERED IN THIS HOLE!
WHAT TH—! HELP! UG—!
QUICK—HIS MONEY! TAKE IT!
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE LOATHSOME CREATURES KILL AND ROB! THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED—PEOPLE WALK WITH DREAD!
A-A-A-A-A-A
QUICK!
BELOW—THE MADMEN REVEL IN THEIR VICTORIES!

THEN... AS A PAIR OF SEWER MEN PREPARE TO POUNCE ON A GIRL, THE VISION MATERIALIZES OUT OF THE MISTS BEHIND THEM!
ENOUGH! THESE RATS ARE A PLAGUE TO HUMANITY!
THE MEN JUMP -- GRAB THE GIRL -- AND THE VISION DASHES IN!
LET HER GO BEFORE I RIP YOU APART!
WHAT---HE'S COMING FOR US!
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU!
AH-A-A! DON'T!
NOT SO NICE WHEN YOU'RE ON THE RECEIVING END, EH?
HAVE TO REACH THAT SEWER!
BUT THE VISION IS BEHIND
DETERMINED TO END THE WAVE OF CRIME!
4

INTO THE BOWELS OF THE SEWER GOES THE VISION!
THERE'S SOME OF THEM--- AND THEY'RE CELEBRATING OVER THEIR LATEST CRIMES!
AS HE LOOKS AROUND---
WHAT'S THIS? THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS!
THEN--- TWISTED BODIES HURTLE FROM THE SHADOWS! BUT THE VISION IS NOT TAKEN ENTIRELY UNAWARES!
TRYING A SNEAK PUNCH, HEY? NOT YET, RATS!
YOU PUNY PIGS ARE THICKER THAN LEPERS!
WHY---A VICIOUS BLOW OF A CUDGEL SLAMS INTO THE VISION'S HEAD!
YOU GOT HIM! NICE WORK! TAKE HIM TO THE CHAMBER!
YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
THE VISION'S LIMP BODY IS CARRIED UNDER A BARRED ARCH INTO THE CHAMBER OF HORROR!
OUR MASTER THE CYCLOPS WILL ENJOY PUTTING HIM TO DEATH!
AH, BOGO! BRING IN A LIGHTED TORCH--- THIS WILL BE A GREAT PLEASURE!


QUICKLY THE FIREBRANDS ARE DOUSED!— THE CYCLOPS BRINGS ONE CLOSE TO THE VISION!··· CLOSER···· CLOSER····
THERE'S STILL A WAY OUT OF THIS!
I SHALL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO COME HERE!
··· THEN— THE VISION DISSOLVES INTO THE SMOKE!
HEY! WHERE DID HE GO TO? WHAT IS THIS!
··· AND REAPPEARS BEHIND THE CYCLOPS!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS!
GOTCHA! NOW LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE!
YOU···! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
WITH A SURGE OF STRENGTH THE VISION THROWS THE CYCLOPS OUT OF THE CHAMBER!
OUTSIDE, FIEND! I HAVE PLANS FOR THIS ASSEMBLAGE.
AGRRP!
THE VISION GRABS A LEVER AND PULLS! THE BARS SLIDE DOWN— AND THE ARCH IS TRAPPED!
STOP! STOP! THAT FLOODS THE PLACE! WE WILL ALL DIE!
THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!
HELP! LET US GO!
YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST, PUNK!
LET ME OUT! I DON'T WANT TO DROWN!
A RISING TIDE OF SEWER WATER CHANGES COURSE···· AND FLOWS INTO THE TUNNEL!

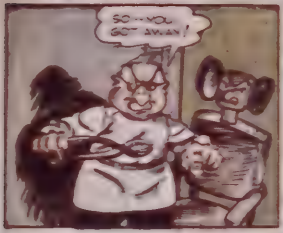
THE CYCLOPS TURNS··· TRIES TO RUN-- BUT THE VISION IS UPON HIM!
THIS MURDER MADNESS COMES TO AN END RIGHT HERE AND···
NO! NO! UGH! AAAA!
NOW! INTO THE WATER, SCUM!
AND GLOWRY THE GRUESOME CYCLOPS DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE SWIRLING WATERS! THE TIDE CREEPS HIGHER··· AND THE BARRED GATE IS COVERED COMPLETELY!
NONE OF THEM CAN ESCAPE NOW!··· I'LL GO UP THROUGH THIS MANHOLE!
EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERY MURDERS!
WELL, THERE'LL BE NO MORE NEWS OF THAT SORT ANY LONGER!
SO LONG, FOLKS! WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE-- I'LL BE AROUND!
NEXT MONTH-- THE VISION RETURNS AGAIN TO UNRAVEL A SPINE CHILLING MYSTERY!
MARVEL Comics

JIMMY JUPITER
in
The Case of the MISSING MOLAR!
OR... THE DENTIST'S DILEMMA!
HE'S NOT SO PAINLESS AFTER ALL!
YOW!
DR. YEOW PAINLESS DENTIST
OH! GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT?
EEOOWWWWOW
JIMMY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OH-OWW! I GOTTA TOOFFAKE!

I'LL TIE THIS RAG AROUND YOUR JAW AND THEN YOU MUST GO DOWN TO SEE THE DENTIST!
?
THE DENTIST!
OH-NO! NO DENTIST! MY TOOTHACHE IS ALL GONE! ... SEE?
I WAS ONLY FOOLIN'— ANYWAY! HEH-HEH!
JIMMY JUPITER! DON'T YOU EVER FRIGHTEN ME LIKE THAT AGAIN!
I'M SORRY, MOTHER.
NOW YOU BE GOOD!
YES, MOTHER!
OOOOW!
SO YOU WERE ONLY FOOLING EH? WELL, THIS TIME YOU GO RIGHT DOWN TO THE DENTIST!
ALL RIGHT MOM...
I GUESS I BETTER! ...OTHERWISE I MIGHT NEVER BE ABLE TO EAT CANDY AGAIN!
GEE, THAT WOULD BE HORRIBLE!

DR. YANK
"PAINLESS" DENTIST, EH?
I HOPE!
IT'S A GOOD BOOK!
SUDDENLY...
HERE'S YOUR BOOK!
GOO'BYE!
ALL GONE NOW?

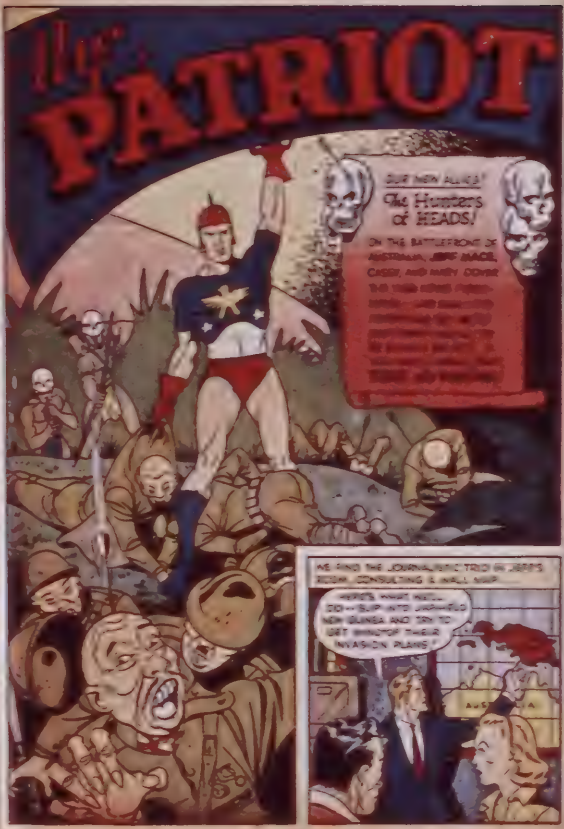
AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS!



GEE WHIZ! LOOK AT THAT TABLE FULL OF CANDY!
FREE CANDY
WOW — THAT LOOKS LIKE MY MOTHER'S TABLE!
QUICKLY, JIMMY LOOKS BEHIND HIM....
WELL WELL! I'M NOT BEING FOLLOWED ANY MORE!
I THINK I'D BETTER INSPECT THAT TABLE BACK THERE!
"SH - TSK! THE SIGN SAYS "HELP YOURSELF"
VERY INTERESTING!
WELL I'LL JUST TRY ONE!
HELLO JAMES!
HI! IT TURNED INTO THE DENTIST!
NOW I'LL GET THAT TOOTH!

I'VE GOT 'IM DOC! GO AHEAD!
WHERE? YOU COME FROM!
HOLD 'IM!
OPEN UP! WIDER! WIDER!
UG-GUG-LUG--
BAH! THEY WON'T BIT! I'LL HAVE TO STICK MY HEAD IN TO SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER!
O'BOY! HERE'S MY CHANCE!
AHA!- NOW I SEE! HEY! LEMME OUT! LEGGO!
GOTCHA!
HELP! HELP!
OH-OH! I THINK I'M GOING TO SNEEZE!
I WAS RIGHT!
AH-CHOO
TOP
AH! I'M FREE!

NOW I'LL GET YOU!
I'LL ADMINISTER THE ANESTHETIC DOCTOR!
MOM!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT! .....
ALL RIGHT! -- ALL RIGHT--
THEN, COMES THE AWAKENING...
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT--
HUH! WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU FELL DOWN THE STAIRS AND KNOCKED YOURSELF OUT!
HUH?
GEE WHIZ! I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK UP AND GET THAT TOOTH OUT NOW!
GOSH!
FORGET IT JIMMY! --WHEN YOU FELL YOU KNOCKED IT OUT!
SWELL!
THE ONLY THING THAT'LL KEEP JIMMY AWAY FROM SWEETS IS SUGAR RATIONING! HE'LL BE BACK IN THE NEXT


The PATRIOT
OUR NEW ALLIES!
The Hunters of HEADS!
ON THE BATTLEFRONT OF AUSTRALIA, JEEP MACE, CASEY AND MARY COVER
WE FIND THE JOURNALISTIC TRIO IN JEEP'S ROOM...CONSULTING E. WALL MAP...
HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO—SLIP INTO JAPANESE NEW GUINEA AND TRY TO GET WIND OF THEIR INVASION PLANS!

EARLY THE NEXT DAY - AS JEFF AND CASEY GET READY TO LEAVE FOR NEW GUINEA ....
WAIT! JUST A MINUTE! - WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
LISTEN, CHUM! I WORK FOR THE NEWSPAPER, TOO! NO ARGUMENTS NOW! LET'S GET GOING!
... SO INTO THE PLANE THEY GO, AND TAKE OFF IN THE FACE OF THE RISING SUN! ...
SUN? SUN ! DIDN'T WARN YOU! NEW GUINEA IS PACKED WITH HEAD-HUNTERS!
FOOEY! SISSY STUFF YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!
A FEW HOURS LATER .. THE PLANE LANDS ON A SEEMINGLY DESERTED BEACH IN NEW GUINEA AND IS QUICKLY PUSHED UNDER THE TREES ...
SHUCKS! SEEMS SORT OF QUIET! - AND HERE I WAS EXPECTING SOME EXCITEMENT!
TAKE IT EASY, FIRE-EATER! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE.
THEN - THE JUNGLE GIVING UP A SCREAMING HORDE OF MEN THAT RUSH FORWARD - HEAD HUNTERS!
IN AN INSTANT, THE BLOOD-THIRSTY MEN ARE UPON THEM! KNIVES FLASH... BUT ...
GIVE IT TO 'EM!
THERE ARE TOO MANY!
RINGED BY RAZOR SHARP SPEARS, THE THREE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE FINISHED, JEFF!
THEY'RE TAKING US PRISONERS! SOMETHING'S IN THE WIND!
NOW I WISH I DID STAY HOME!

FORCED BACK TO A VILLAGE, DABBY AND MARY ARE TIED UP IN A HUT.
WONDER WHAT THEY DID WITH JEFF?
HE'S IN ANOTHER SHACK, BUT I'LL SOON BE REUNITED WITH HIM.
WHILE OUTSIDE THE NATIVES BEGIN A FRENZIED DANCE OF DEATH AROUND A METAL IDOL.
JEFF IS ALONE — SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND—
AH—HA! SO YOU WERE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO VENTURE INTO JAPAN!
WHAT?! WHO ARE YOU?
I AM COLONEL SNIDER OF GERMAN INTELLIGENCE AND A GREAT MAN HERE! I HAVE ROUSED THE NATIVES TO FIGHT THE WHITES — THUS ALDING OUR JAPANESE FRIENDS!
YOU WILL ALL BE DEAD SOON! TOO BAD YOU'VE BEEN THE PLAYMATE OF SUCH A NOTORIOUS...
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, PUNK! I'VE GOT THE JOB DONE...
THE NAZI LEAVES — QUICKLY JEFF FORCES HIS BOUND WRISTS UNDER HIS HIPS, THEN DOWN HIS FEET...
PHEW! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
IN AN INSTANT HE IS TUGGING AT THE ROPES WITH HIS TEETH, EYES BURNING WITH HATRED FOR THE NAZI!
HERE'S WHERE THE PATRIOT DOES A LITTLE HOUSE CLEANING!
HE REMOVES HIS GUN — AND THERE STANDS THE PATRIOT!
GOTTA SLIP UP ON THAT GUARD OUTSIDE —
THEY —
TAKE A GUN, SONNY! I NEED YOUR SPEAR.
3

THE DANCE OF DEATH! FANATICAL SHRIEKS SPLIT THE AIR! THEN— THE DANCE STOPS!
COME ON, MUGS! LET'S SEE YOU TAKE MY HEAD!
BUT — THE NAZI STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS!...
FOOLS! AMERICAN HUH! IT'S A YANKEE TRICK!
I'M NOT AS EASY AS I LOOK, HUH?
JUST A COUPLE MORE AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF HITLER'S HEEL. OVER THERE!
SUDDENLY — THE NAZI STEPS OUT! WHIPS OUT A LUGGER — AND FIRES!
OUT OF THE WAY, PIGS! THIS WILL FINISH HIM!
MISSED! AND YOU DON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE, PAL!
THE PATRIOT BRINGS UP THE SPEAR — AND LETS IT FLY!
AGHHHHHH!

SEEING THE NAZI LEADER DEAD, THE WITCH DOCTOR APPROACHES THE PATRIOT!
YOU HAVE MUCH STRONG MEDICINE! NOW THE WILL FOLLOW YOU!
OKAY! NOW, HERE'S WHAT YOU DO--
LEFT EXPLAINS HIS PLAN--AND THE WITCH DOCTOR TURNS TO THE TRIBE ...
MY PEOPLE! WE GO NOW TO FIGHT THE JAPS! THEY SHALL LOSE THEIR HEADS! WE SHALL FREE THE WHITE PEOPLE!
AND THE WARRIOR TRIBE, SINGLE FILE, LED BY THE PATRIOT, STREAMS INTO THE JUNGLE! CASEY AND MARY ARE LEFT BEHIND IN A GUARDS CARE...
JAP OUTPOSTS ARE RAIDED -- HEADS FLY! THE MEN OF MUNDA ARE TERRORIZED!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN! ON TO THE MAIN CAMP!
THEN ONWARD! THEY REACH THE MAIN BASE -- SPEARS ARE FIRED -- THE BITTER BATTLE RAGES!
THE SKY TURNS RED -- JAPS FLEE THE SAVAGERY OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS, LED BY THE MENACING FIGURE OF THE PATRIOT!
BURN EVERYTHING! DON'T LET ANY JAPS GET AWAY! QUICK! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!
BUT...
TAKE TO THE WOODS! JAP REINFORCEMENTS ARE COMING UP!

THEY RETREAT! JAP SOLDIERS TRY IN VAIN TO CATCH THEIR ELUSIVE OPPONENTS!
"THEY'RE ESCAPING! WE WILL BE SHOT IF WE DON'T STOP THEM!"
BUT THE CHASE IS FUTILE! THE GROUP REACHES THEIR CAMP SAFELY! THERE ---
FROM NOW ON YOU WILL FIGHT THE JAPS! THE JAPS ARE YOUR FRIENDS! I MUST LEAVE!
YES, STRANGE ONE, WE WILL DO! NOW WE FREE OUR WHITE CAPTIVES!
QUICKLY, JEFF DUCKS INTO HIS HUT, AND PULLS ON HIS CLOTHES!
I GOTTA GET OUTSIDE! SUPPOSE THE OTHERS'LL GIVE ME A HORSE LAUGH!
SAY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THE WITCH DOCTOR GAVE US THE WHOLE STORY!
HA! HA! WHAT A GOOD YOU MISSED! THE PATRIOT WAS AT WORK AROUND HERE!
UMM! YEAH! I WAS UNABLE TO GET LOOSE--HAD TO WAIT TO BE UNTIED!
GEE! I'D LIKE TO MEET THE PATRIOT! WHAT A MAN!
THAT GUY SURE GETS AROUND!
HA! IF THEY ONLY KNEW!
BUT WE KNOW!
AND NEXT MONTH THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK AGAIN TO SAIL INTO ADVENTURE WITH CASEY AND MARY!
TROUBLE AHEAD FOR SOMEBODY!
YOU, TOO, CAN BE A... YOU PATRIOT
ENLIST YOUR DIMES in...
FOR VICTORY
UNITED STATES WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

THE ANGEL
POLLY WANTS A MURDER!

THE STORY STARTS WITH A CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE ANGEL AND THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I.
FOUR DEAD - AND EVERYONE A KEY MAN IN THE GOVERNMENT! - WHAT DID THE AUTOPSIES SHOW RONSON?
POISON! ADMINISTERED BY EITHER A SCRATCH OR AN INJECTION! - BUT THAT WASN'T ALL!
EACH HAD THE SAME IDENTICAL LOOK ON HIS FACE - A LOOK OF INTENSE HORROR - AS IF JUST AWAKENED FROM A NIGHTMARE!
SUPPOSE WE DROP IN AT THE MORGUE - I'D LIKE TO SEE THE LAST CORPSE!
I'M WARNING YOU, ANGEL - IT WON'T BE A PLEASANT SIGHT!
DEAD MEN DON'T FRIGHTEN ME! IT'S THE LIVE ONES YOU HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR!
MEANWHILE - ALONG THE SIDEWALK MOVES A STRANGER PAIR...
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER! POLLY-WANTS A CRACKER!
STOP SCREECHING! I'M TRYING TO FIND A VOICE - A VOICE AMONG THOUSANDS!
THE SUPERSENSITIVE EARS OF THE BLIND MAN CATCH A SOUND - A FAMILIAR SOUND!
THE KILLER'S CLEVER - NOT A SINGLE CLUE!
AH! MR. RONSON!
PARDON ME GENTLEMEN! HELP A MAN WHO GAVE HIS EYES FOR HIS COUNTRY!
OF COURSE! HERE-!!!
"THANK YOU! NOW POLLY WILL TELL THE KIND GENTLEMAN'S FORTUNE, WON'T YOU POLLY?
WATCH ME DO MY STUFF!
CLEVER BIRD!
YOU COULD NEVER GUESS HOW CLEVER HE IS, SIR!
AS THE PARROT RELEASES THE CARD IT'S BEAK NIPS RONSON'S HAND, BUT THE F.B.I. MAN HARDLY FEELS IT!...
DON'T FAIL TO LOOK AT THE CARD SIR! IT PREDICTS YOUR FUTURE WITH UNERRING ACCURACY!

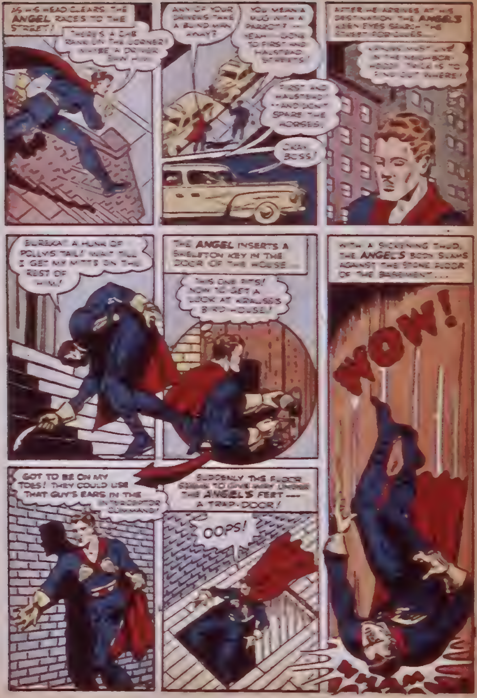
AREN'T YOU GOING TO LOOK AT THE CARD?
THAT FORTUNE-TELLING STUFF IS BUNK! I'LL SAVE IT FOR MY YOUNGSTER. HE'LL BE AMUSED!
SUDDENLY RONSON STOPS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT--I UGH--THAT BEA--AGHR ZZ-ZZZ-
DEAD! THAT LOOK ON HIS FACE!--HORROR!--LIKE AWAKENING FROM A NIGHTMARE!
WHERE DID HE PUT THAT CARD? AH!--HERE IT IS!
WOT'S GOING ON HERE?
THE BLIND MAN SAID THE CARD WOULD PREDICT RONSON'S FUTURE WITH UNERRING ACCURACY! HE WAS RIGHT!
You will not live very long!...
HEY!--STOP!
SORRY!--GANGWAY!
THAT BLIND MAN HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS, I'M SURE!
HE'S GONE! BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN! AND WHEN WE DO, I'LL UNCORK A PREDICTION OF MY OWN!--RIGHT ON HIS DOME!
NOW TO GO TO THE MORGUE!

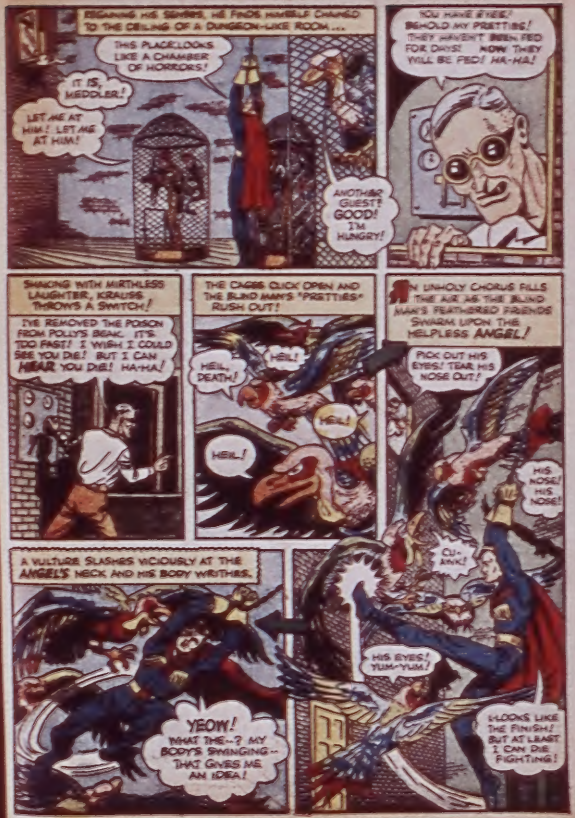
LATER AT THE MORGUE...
WELL, DOC WHAT'S THE VERDICT ON RONSON?
SAME AS THE OTHERS -- POISON, APPARENTLY INJECTED WITH A NEEDLE!
NOT A NEEDLE, DOC! IT WAS A BEAK, A PARROT'S BEAK, PAINTED WITH A DEADLY POISON!!
WHAT?
CITY MORGUE
HOW TO GET HOME AND MAKE SOME CALLS... MAYBE I'LL GET A CLUE TO THE KILLER!
WHEW! I'VE CALLED AT LEAST TWENTY INSTITUTIONS FOR THE BLIND -- AND NO LUCK! WELL, I'LL TRY ONE MORE!
HELLO? -- DR. WHITE SPEAKING... THIS ANGEL? WHY, YES! I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP IF I CAN. A BLIND MURDERER? WHAT DESCRIBE HIM?
LEAN STOOPED VICIOUS-FACED... CARRIES A PARROT!...
GREAT SCOTT!! THIS SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE I KNOW! COME UP TO MY OFFICE!
THE ANGEL LOSES NO TIME IN MEETING THE DOCTOR...
OH SURE YOUR MAN IS KRUSS! HE USED TO BE A DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE "BEOBACHTER," NEWSPAPER OF THE DEFUNCT GERMAN-AMERICAN BUND!
HERE'S THE MOTIVE! A BLIND FANATIC, KILLING IN BEHALF OF HITLER!
HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO FIND THAT?
BY PLANTING A PHONEY NEWS STORY DRAWING HIS ATTENTION TO YOU... IN OTHER WORDS, WE'LL PLANT A DECOY!
DECOY!
DR. WHITE MAY OFFER IMPORTANT EVIDENCE LEADING TO THE KILLER'S ARREST!
TOO BAD FOR DOCTOR WHITE!
TOO BAD FOR DOCTOR WHITE! HEE-HEE!

LURED FROM HIS LAIR THE SIGHTLESS NURSEMAID PREPARES TO STRIKE!
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER!
QUIET! TONIGHT YOU'LL HAVE MORE THAN A CRACKER!
SEE THAT WINDOW? THAT'S WHERE HE SLEEPS! GET HIM!
GET HIM! POLLY WANTS A MURDER!
THERE IS A BRILLIANT FLASH OF COLOR AS THE PARROT WINGS ITS WAY UP TO THE WINDOW!
THE MAN ON THE BED LIES MOTIONLESS, UNAWARE THAT DEATH HOVERS OVER HIM!
SUDDENLY SOMETHING SHUTTERS EVEN THAN THE PARROT LEAPS POWERED ... BY A GLOVED FIST!
CLANK!
OUT OF THE BED JUMPS THE MAN... NOT DR. KNITTER... BUT THE ANGEL!
POLLY WANTS A CRACKER, BUT HERE'S WHERE POLLY GETS A SMACK ON THE SNOOT!
BUT THE EVIL BIRD SWOOPS AND WITH SLITHERING CLAWS, ZOOMS ON HIS PREY!
THE FEATHERS FLY AS THE PARROT SEEKS AN OPENING WITH POWERFUL BEAK AND CLAWS!
WHAT IN—?
HEY! WHERE'S GOBSHIP? WHERE'S THE LIGHTSHIP? SEND UP REINFORCEMENTS! HALP!
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED!...

...AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!
THIS ISN'T CRICKET! CU-AWK!
WE GERMANS CAN NEVER BE CONQUERED --NEVER!
THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU! NOW TO RECEIVE YOUR MASTER
IT GOT ME! THE BEAK! I-I'M DYING!
ALL WE WANT IS LEBENSRAUM! BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR A CRACKER!
I'M DYING!
FRANCE ENGLAND RUSSIA CHINA THE U.S.A.-- THE WORLD IS MINE!
HE'S DYING? GOOD! BUT WHAT'S KEEPING POLLY? --HE'S ON A TALKING SPREE!
POLLY! COME POLLY! COME!
HMMM! NO ANSWER! SOMETHING WRONG! MAYBE HE'S HURT! I'LL HAVE TO GO UP!
STEP BY STEP, THE BLIND MAN FEELS HIS WAY UP THE FIRE ESCAPE ...
WHAT'S THAT? A MAN BREATHING! THEN HE DIDN'T DIE AFTER ALL! BUT HE WILL-- HE WILL!
AS THE KILLER REACHES THE THIRD FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION!
YOU'RE THROUGH, BUD!
BUT... KRAUSS DODGES!
YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AT MAKING PREDICTIONS AS ...
HEY! I MISSED

...AS I AM!
YEOW!
C-R-A-C-K
"THAT WASN'T DR. WHITE'S VOICE..."
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME!
QUIK... AWK!
BUT KRAUSS MOVES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS...
KRAUSS SETS POLLY FREE!
LET'S TALK AND MORE ACTION! I'LL WAGER YOU MISSED, DR. WHITE!
YOU WIN THE BET, KRAUSS! HANDS UP! YOU'RE COVERED!
BLAST IT!--I MISSED!
HAVING EMPTIED HIS GUN, WHITE GROPES FOR THE GIFT SPITTER!
HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THAT DOOR!
NOT A SIGN OF HIM! MOST AMAZING BLIND MAN I'VE EVER MET! WELL, I'D BETTER GO UP AND SEE HOW THE ANGEL IS!
QUITE AN EGG HE RAISED ON YOUR SKULL! THAT CANE OF HIS MUST BE LOADED!
SO HE GOT AWAY! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! HELP ME, DOC!


AS HIS HEAD CLEARS THE ANGEL RACES TO THE STREET!
ANY OF YOUR DRIVERS TAKE A BLIND MAN AWAY?
YOU MEAN A MUG WITH A PARROT? -- YEAH -- GONE TO FIRST AND HALSTEAD STREETS!
FIRST AND HALSTEAD! --AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
OKAY, BOSS!
AFTER HE ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION THE ANGEL'S KEEN EYES SEARCH THE STREET FOR CLUES...
EUREKA! A HUNK OF POLLY'S TAIL! WAIT TILL I GET MY MITTS ON THE REST OF HIM!
THE ANGEL INSERTS A SKELETON KEY IN THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE...
THIS ONE FITS! NOW TO GET A LOOK AT KRAUSS'S BIRD-HOUSE!
WITH A SICKENING THUD, THE ANGEL'S BODY SLAMS AGAINST THE STONE FLOOR OF THE BASEMENT...
WOW!
GOT TO BE ON MY TOES! THEY COULD USE THAT GUY'S EARS IN THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND!
SUDDENLY THE FLOOR SEEMS TO GIVE WAY UNDER THE ANGEL'S FEET --- A TRAP-DOOR!
OOPS!


REGAINING HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO THE CEILING OF A DUNGEON-LIKE ROOM...
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A CHAMBER OF HORRORS!
IT IS, MEDDLER!
LET ME AT HIM! LET ME AT HIM!
ANOTHER GUEST! GOOD! I'M HUNGRY!
YOU HAVE A FREE! BEHOLD MY PRETTIES! THEY HAVEN'T BEEN FED FOR DAYS! NOW THEY WILL BE FED! HA-HA!
SHACKING WITH MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER, KRAUSE THROWS A SWITCH!
I'VE REMOVED THE POISON FROM POLLY'S BEAK. IT'S TOO FAST! I WISH I COULD SEE YOU DIE! BUT I CAN HEAR YOU DIE! HA-HA!
THE CAGES CLICK OPEN AND THE BLIND MAN'S "PRETTIES" RUSH OUT!
HEIL!
HEIL, DEATH!
HEIL!
HEIL!
AN UNHOLY CHORUS FILLS THE AIR AS THE BLIND MAN'S FEATHERED FRIENDS SWARM UPON THE HELPLESS ANGEL!
PICK OUT HIS EYES! TEAR HIS NOSE OUT!
HIS NOSE! HIS NOSE!
CU-AWK!
A VULTURE SLASHES VICIOUSLY AT THE ANGEL'S NECK AND HIS BODY WRITHES.
HIS EYES! YUM-YUM!
YEOW! WHAT THE--? MY BODY'S SHRINKING-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! BUT AT LEAST I CAN DIE FIGHTING!

SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT LIKE A CHILD ON A PLAYGROUND SWING, THE ANGEL TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN PENDULUM!
I'LL BE--!
UP WE GO!
HIS BODY CANNON-BALLS UPWARD, AND THE CHAIN SNAPS, AND HE SAILS THROUGH THE WINDOW!
BULL'S EYE!
E-E-EEE!
WINGS BEAT A SYMPHONY OF DEATH AS THE BLOODTHIRSTY SWARM ZOOMS UPWARD TOWARD THE BROKEN WINDOW!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
THE ANGEL MAKES A SWIFT DEPARTURE JUST AS THE HUNGRY HORDE POUNCES ON ITS OWN MASTER!
POETIC JUSTICE! I'D BETTER TIP OFF THE COPS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
BOIDS?... NAZI KILLER? ... MIKE! ... CALL THE RESERVES, BUT DON'T BRING CANARY CAGES!
THE POLICE COME UPON A CHILLING SIGHT--
THAT MUST BE THE NASTY! ...DEAD!
WONDER WHO TIPPED US OFF!
HEIL HITLER! HEIL HITLER!
SUDDENLY THE PARROT LEAVES ITS GRISLY PERCH WITH A FRIGHTENED SCREECH AS SOMETHING FLITS ACROSS THE WALL!
LOOK! THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
CU-EEE!
KEEP THE ANGEL FLYING!... A NEW NOVEL STORY FEATURING THE ANGEL IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED KRAZY KOMICS! NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1E FOR....
TERRY TOONS COMICS

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

M.C.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....